

SEE CUBAN "ENGINEER CORPS."

LEMONADE IT CAME FROM AND TO RED LEMONADE IT HAD TO RETURN.

From The New-Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I noticed in the papers the other day," said an ex-soldier, "that an old street corner grocery man had got into a comical row with a party of boys. The man was of no special importance, but it recalled a singular character I met when I was with the Army down in Cuba. He was known as 'Colonel' Todd, chief of the Cuban Engineer Corps, and although he was engaged in selling lemonade on the parks in Havana when I first encountered him the idea was born. Possibly you remember the same man's Florida expedition called from Tampa with men and supplies for an important military service we declared war upon the United States when that affair in charge of us especially and was unable to find anybody in that who was willing to do so. The night before the engagement said he happened to notice a telescope on a street corner selling peeps at the moon as a sideshow. Business seemed to be bad and the agent had an inspiration. Here was a astronomer in need to work. An astronomer was nearly something of a mathematician, and a mathematician was as ought to be, more or less, an engineer. By that process of reasoning he arrived at the conclusion that the telescope man would be the person to fit the job of chief engineer of the army. In two minutes he had made his proposition and it was accepted on the spot. The telescope man's name was Todd, and the agent immediately betrothed him colonel and chief of corps. At first he was a little nervous, and said he was afraid the engineers in the corps would kick about being under his command. 'Rest easy,' Colonel,' said the agent blandly. 'You are the corps.' That settled it, and he went into his uniform consisting of a cap he got from a money car conductor. After that, when the war participants referred to 'the newly organized engineer corps of the patriotic army,' they were really referring to Colonel Todd. Shameful to relate, no provision was made for him at the conclusion of hostilities, and he was obliged to fall back on lemonade. Maybe now he has purchased another telescope."

PRESSING NEED OF A MATCH.

From The Sioux City Journal.

"I noticed in 'The Journal' the other day," observed an old railway postal clerk, "the story of the captain of the little gasoline boat that left over for up to Missouri had to come back over and forty miles for a repair that cost him only \$100, but which was just as necessary as if it had been the price of the whole engine. It recalled to my mind an experience I once had on the run between here and Missouri Valley, on the Sioux City and Pacific illustrating how much may hang upon something ordinarily quite insignificant. Between Yuma and Omaha one night a gust of wind blew out every lamp in the mail car, which of course made it impossible for me to work, and I had considerable trouble to get to tie up Omaha's mail. I put my hand into my pocket to get a match,



THE GALLANT MAJOR—THE CONQUERED SALUTE THE VICTOR: FAIREST, I SALUTE YOU. PAULINE—BUT, MAJOR, HOW ABOUT THE INDEMNITY?—PICK ME UP.

into to make the balance is what we call the outs and over drawer. It's a great thing. Whenever we're out of balance we go to outs and over to make things right. Then, again, when the sheet shows more cash than we ought to have the surplus enriches the drawer. Penny you all have never thought of the scheme in the big banks."

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

From The Portland (Me.) Argus.

A certain grocer on the hill has for some days been hunting for the owner of a voice that claimed his attention at the telephone one busy morning. When he finds his man the meeting will furnish material for an interesting item, and the following dialogue explains why:

The Voice—Hello, is that you, Charles?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Well, how are you?

Grocer—First rate.

The Voice—You're looking well.

Grocer—I'm feeling better than I look.

The Voice—That's good; glad to hear it. Have you got any salt fish?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—is it fresh?

Grocer—Yes, came in this morning.

The Voice—Cod or pollock?

Grocer—Got both. Which do you want?

The Voice—Well, I don't know; is the pollock good and dry?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Well, why don't you give it a drink, then?

At this point the grocer brought the colloquy to a sudden termination with a remark that would be out of place in polite society and therefore unfit for publication.

BETTER FACILITIES.

From The Chicago Post.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl as she sat down beside the old gentleman and pulled his paper away. "Harold wants to have a talk with you to-morrow." "Oh, no, does he?" returned the old gentleman in a tone that was not calculated to inspire confidence in a young man. "Well, what's the matter with to-night?"

"He prefers, papa," replied the beautiful girl, "to wait until you are at your office."

"And what is the particular advantage of my being at my office?"

"He can call you up by telephone there, and we have none in the house, you know," answered the beautiful girl.

THE FARMER SCORED.

From The Kansas City Journal.

A farmer drifted into a hardware store at Mullen and was asked by the manager: "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on?"

They're cheap now. Can give you one for \$25." "I'd sooner put the \$25 into a cow," said the farmer. "But think," said the manager, "how foolish you would look riding around town on a cow." "Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, "no more foolish perhaps than I would milking a bicycle."

SOME LONDON BOYS' ANSWERS.

From The London Chronicle.

The humors of examination papers were further illustrated last night by Dr. Haig Brown, who in speaking at the City of London College upon the responsibility which rested upon examiners in weighing fragments of knowledge, said that the question, "What are the 'Culinary Hundreds?'" once received the reply, "Small animals which abound in such great numbers in cheese." The inquiry, "What is a cherub?" elicited in its turn the answer, "An immoral being of uncertain shape."

A BIBLE VERSE.

From The Chicago Times-Herald.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant class of a Hyde Park Sunday school, "I told you last Sunday that each of you who learned a verse from the Bible and recited it to-day would receive a large blue card. Let me see how many of you have learned a verse."

There were twenty-five or thirty boys and girls, from four to eight years of age, ranged about her in a circle. For a moment there was no response to her question. Then a bright looking girl timidly raised a little hand.

"Ah, Julia has learned a verse," the teacher said. "I am very sorry that ever so many of you would get blue cards to-day. But I suppose your mamas and papas have been very busy, and some of you forgot. Well, Julia, let us hear you recite a verse."

"Walk in the light," Gladys answered.

Then a boy who sat near Julia put up a hand.

"Out!" exclaimed the teacher. "Charlie has a verse, too. That was very good, Julia. Now let us hear Charlie's verse."

"Walk in the light," responded Charlie.

"Well," said the teacher, "you learned the same verse, didn't you?" It's a very good verse, too. Walk in the light. I hope we may all do so."

"Is there any one else who has learned a verse?" Why, I see five, six, seven, eight hands raised! I am proud of you, children. We will hear from Arthur first."

"Walk in the light," said Arthur.

The teacher looked rather hard at Arthur, and said:

"Gladys, next. What is your verse?"

"Walk in the light," Gladys answered.

"Now, Gertrude, you have a splendid verse, I know," said the teacher. "Speak up loudly, so that all the children may hear."

"Walk in the light!" shouted Gertrude.

By that time all but a few of the children who had not been heard from were holding up their hands. The teacher looked at a boy whose name she had forgotten and asked:

"What verse have you learned?"

"Walk in the light," replied the whole crowd in chorus, each little one apparently fearing that there would not be another chance to win a blue card.

TROLLEY CAR ETHICS.

From Life.

"For two hours this afternoon I grieved that I was not a stenographer," Mrs. Kashmore remarked to me on the car to-day.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I had to take the minutes of a meeting of the Women's Heart to Heart Auxiliary of the Society for the Cultivation of Psychic Charity," she replied, showing me her book of notes. "You really should join in this good work," she added.

"If the good work is proportionate to the name," I replied. "It must be marvellous. But kindly tell me how psychic charity differs from any other kind," I inquired.

Before she could reply her attention became absorbed in the enactment of a little drama on-site. A year-old child, held at its mother's shoulder, had been alternately biting on and tapping the window with a bright, new silver dollar, and now the dollar had disappeared down the space between the side of the car and the back of the seat.

"I wonder if it can be got out," said Mrs. Kashmore.

I appealed to the conductor.

The conductor promptly decided that it could not, whereupon the woman, who was poorly dressed, took upon herself a look that was pitifully miserable.

Here is an opportunity that your Heart to Heart Auxiliary can embrace," I said to Mrs. Kashmore.

"It is evident that the dollar is of vital importance to the poor woman," I continued.

"It is also evident that she was inexcusably careless," replied Mrs. Kashmore. "Besides," she added, "you ought to know that psychic charity has nothing to do with money."

Mr. Bill Shady (who a week ago had been pointed out to me as the political "boss" of the Fifth Ward), sitting near us, here took a dollar from his pocket and dropping it into the woman's lap, immediately walked out of the car in an embarrassed manner.

"I wonder," said I, questioningly, "of what charity society Mr. Bill Shady is a member?"

Mrs. Kashmore refused to reply.

"It seems to be the real thing," I suggested, "even if it does cover a multitude of sins."

The silence on Mrs. Kashmore's part became oppressive, and I was glad that the car had reached my corner.

THE DOCTORS DISAGREED.

From The London Globe.

Some Vienna savans were lately confronted with a language difficulty. According to the "Indépendance Belge" a young girl, unknown, was found unconscious in a street at Presburg, and was conveyed to the hospital at Vienna, where she recovered consciousness and began to speak in a language which no one present could understand. The doctors came to the conclusion that the young woman was a native of an Eastern country. Consequently some professors from the Oriental School were called in, and they were all agreed that the girl did not speak a correct language, but a dialect. The professor of Persian held that she spoke a Persian dialect, and that he understood it. Another professor was of opinion that it was an Abyssinian



Tommy (who has just had the present of a new watch, to the first man he meets)—Excuse me, sir, would you like to know what time it is? (Illustration Blatter).

dialect. A third was convinced that it was a Turkish patois. Since the savans were not agreed the police deemed it necessary to make inquiries, with the result that the stranger was proved to be an Hungarian, who had escaped from a prison and who did not understand a word of Persian, Abyssinian or Turkish.

A REASSURING ENDORSEMENT.

From The Syracuse Herald.

She handed the check to the paying teller. She was calm and collected, as if it was an everyday matter.

"Madam," said the teller gently, "you have forgotten to endorse it."

"Endorse it," with a little worried smile.

"Yes; you must write your name on the back here to show that you will repay this bank in case the issuer of this check should fail to answer our call."

"Oh!" she said, accepting the pen.

When the teller looked at the check again this is what he read:

"The — bank has always paid up what it owes, and you need have no worry. Therefore, I endorse this check. Very truly yours, Mrs. J. B. Blanks."

The teller fell over into the vault.

IRREPRESSIBLE.

From The Chicago Post.

It's no use trying to discourage a college boy.

There was one at the Wisconsin-Michigan game Thursday who made life a burden to every one near him. He had a strident, disagreeable voice, and he was not content to yell when a good play was made, but kept it up continuously, shouting advice and warnings to players who couldn't possibly hear him. A man who was getting most of these yells directly in his ear to the great detriment of that organ, finally turned and handed the shouter a tin horn.

"See if you can't make some more noise!" he said with bitter sarcasm.

"Thank you," was the reply of the youth as he took the horn. "That is what I came down to Chicago for."



THE MAN WITH A WHOA.

—Detroit Journal.